

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst *Katharine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Bionio's* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune lines for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gre. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, putt vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gre. For he feares none.
Gre. *Hortensio* hearken:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promise we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.
Gremio. And so we wil, provided that he win her.
Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brane, and Biondello.
Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to —
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tra. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tra.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you goe:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you
hence.
Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the freers as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'll know,
That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience,
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
Faile *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faile *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.
Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.
Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this secke,
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Will not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowles to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gre. *Bion*, Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your *Beene venulo*. *Exit.*

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Beloeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?
Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faile.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you lyest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister *Kate*, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter

Enter Baptista.
Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.
Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greued as I?
But who comes heere.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with Tranio with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue
you Gentlemen.
Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter,
call'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.
Bap. I haue a daughter sir, call'd *Katerina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue:
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Lutio*, borne in *Mantua*.
Bap. Yare welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerina*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.
Petr. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
Petr. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Sauting your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruay-
lous forward.
Petr. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be
doing.
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue bene
More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Schooller, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as running
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolute vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome amongst the rest that woo,
And free access and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincenzio*.
Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Petr. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left folie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in posselsion twentie thousand Crownes.

Petr. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Petr. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:

And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:

So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

Petr. I to the prooffe, as Mountains are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap.